

JUST GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE

Nancy Wynne Reads a Letter From the Front—Miss Randolph to Marry in December—Other Matters of Interest Discussed

LETTERS are just beginning to come from the other side which give us a slight idea of the joy of the French people, with the taking of Ostend and the continued advance of the Allied armies, and even the prospect of peace. I am giving you an extract from a letter written by one of our Chestnut Hill boys who has a commission in Paris connected with the Franco-American air service. He has written to his father and mother and they have allowed me to use his letter, but they want you to guess his name rather than have me give it.

"How I wish you could be here today to take part in the joyous celebrations one sees everywhere on the streets. The Ostend, victory and the continued retreat of the Germans have created a new France and a new people. After patiently waiting these four years for this very day, it has at last been revealed to them, and if you could only glance at the Place de la Concorde you would realize that something extraordinary had taken place. For the first time since the war the statues and fountains are fairly bursting under pressure. Last night for the first time the large are lights were again lighted up in the boulevards, and the streets were again bright with the large are lights. And what a celebration they are planning there tomorrow to instill spirit for the fourth French war loan. Besides the brilliant lights and playing fountains, German booty captured at various battles has been assembled it seems from all corners of the front, each labeled with date and place. Such a conglomeration of material of war and junk as they have brought forth! Cannons of all kinds and descriptions, trench mortars, airplanes wholly intact and some wrecked, observation balloons, all German; it is impossible to describe it. The most impressive sight of all is to see the crowd before the statue of Alsace-Lorraine, in the far corner of the Place. To begin with, the statue itself is almost hidden, literally buried, under large and small wreaths and bunches of flowers brought home by individuals, others by business concerns. Joy supreme and radiant beams from the faces of that crowd, although here and there a tear; but it is a tear of happiness and not sorrow.

"I can't describe to you the sight there today; the eye only can do such a description justice. I hope and pray it may be a clear day tomorrow, so I can get a few photographs.

"Then in the Seine at the Concorde bridge is a French submarine, fully armed, while at the Concorde take of the Tuilleries are some big boche tanks on one side, with the speedy little French tanks on the other. In the way of decoration the wall of the gardens is strung with probably 2000 or 3000 German helmets. You have never seen such a sight! Inside the Tuilleries is the skeleton of a Zeppelin brought down on one of the first raids on Paris. One would think that nothing is left of the boche army. As I walked across there this morning I had but one sensation. It was that of victory, and you could fairly smell it in the air! Let's pray that it may soon come."

WELL, I told you if we did not get the day we'd know soon when Hannah Randolph is to be married, and it is to be in December, though the actual date is not yet decided upon. It depends on the time when the Secretary can get leave from the Embassy. Till her Hannah will make a stunning bride. She is rather dark, you know, and reminds me very much of Mrs. Paul Mills. In fact, one day I was so sure that I began talking to her about something in which Mrs. Mills and I were interested, and her surprised smile was the first indication that she wasn't she. I like that, don't you? She wasn't she. It sounds so sort of "simple." And I like to be simple, don't you?

DID you hear that Lieutenant and Mrs. Channing Daniel have a little son? Born on Tuesday. She was Katherine Verner, you know. She is living with her parents in Wayne while her husband is in France. He, by the way, was wounded recently "over there," but fortunately it was not a severe wound and he is doing well, which must be a great relief to the little wife and mother. She is very sweet-looking, don't you think? I remember her at the Zeckwer wedding, where she was a bridesmaid. Doesn't it seem terrible to think that both the principals in that lovely wedding party have died since? Terrible indeed, but blessing for them that neither one was left to mourn for the other.

Social Activities Mrs. Sigourney Mellor and her two children are spending the winter with Mrs. Mellor's mother, Mrs. Edward C. Lee, in Haverford. Mr. Mellor is in Washington, where he is connected with the shipping board.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lewis, Jr., have returned from Chelsea and have opened their home, 1000 Spruce street, for the winter. William Roberts Howell, Jr., and John Lewis Howell will spend the winter with them.

Mrs. Benjamin Chew, of Glenvale, Radnor, left today for Augusta, Ga., where she will spend some time. Captain Chew is stationed in Augusta.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Heron Crossman, Jr., gave a dinner last evening at their home, 1000 Spruce lane, Haverford, in honor of Mrs. Crossman's sister, Miss Mary Cameron, of Richmond, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tower are spending several weeks in Chelsea.

Dr. William Drayton, who returned from France several weeks ago, has had ten days leave at home. He will sail shortly to take up his duties with the expeditionary forces in France. Doctor Drayton and his wife have been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Drayton, at 5 South Twenty-first street.

Miss Julia V. Lagueronne will spend the winter with her aunt, Mrs. Edward G. Trassel, in Haverford.

Miss Nataleen Kaufman will entertain at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kaufman, 24 East Tioga street, on Saturday evening. Among the guests will be Mr. Aileen Ross and Mr. Walter Haar, of Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Benjamin Witt, of Newark, Del., has returned to her home after spending some

time with her niece, Mrs. R. C. Strode, of North Forty-third street, West Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Tucker Fox, Jr., of West Tioga street, and their daughter, Miss Rae Fox, are spending several weeks at the Marlborough-Blenheim, Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry M. Prenzau, of Tioga, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, Elizabeth Virginia Prenzau.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Stern, of 2036 North Eighteenth street, are at home again after an extended stay in Atlantic City.

Mr. William Franklin Dixon, of 8335 Ridge avenue, Roxborough, will spend the winter in town, at 725 Corinthian avenue.

OLD ST. STEPHEN'S RICHLY RENOVATED

Marble, Silver and Exquisite Workmanship Provided Historic Church by Women Parishioners

Historic St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, Tenth street above Chestnut, a landmark for generations, is undergoing its first real repairs in more than forty years.

Erected in 1811, it has withstood the ravages of weather and time so well that its thirty-two-inch walls are as sturdy today as they were a century ago.

A north transept, completed in November, 1878, was the last alteration made to the old structure. The transept and the house, built in 1838, encroach upon what was formerly the old churchyard, and in the floor of both are the graves of persons who died in the early nineteenth century, but not since the transept was built has it been thought necessary to improve the original structure.

Improvements to the interior, however, in keeping with the progress of modern habitation, became necessary a year ago, and the work of rehabilitation was begun with funds provided by one of the parishioners, Miss A. J. Magee, whose forbears were early members of the congregation.

Under the direction of the rector, the Rev. Carl E. Grammer, S. T. D., a new marble floor, of intricate design and workmanship, was erected last year and consecrated in December.

Freeing of the walls and ceiling, laying of new lighting and ventilating systems, begun last June, are all but completed, and the church, closed for some months, has been reopened.

The new chancel is a model of individual art and design. Composed of white marble, it is augmented by a pulpit and three bookshelves of the same material, while overhanging lamps of finely designed silver add to its general beauty.

Under the new chancel in many colors adorn the wall at the rear of the chancel, while carved a lattice work of ingeniously carved marble covers a large stained glass window.

THANKS DAY PROCLAIMED

Governor Urges People to Show Gratitude for Passing of Grip

Sunday has been set aside by Governor Brumbaugh as a day of prayerful thanksgiving for the passing of the influenza epidemic.

A proclamation designating the day was issued today at Harrisburg by the governor.

"Grateful to God for the return of health-giving conditions in the entire State," the proclamation reads, "I do hereby set aside and proclaim Sunday, November 10, as a day of special thanksgiving. Upon this day I urge all our people to attend services in the houses of God and give earnest expression of devout thankfulness for the passing of this epidemic and the return of health and life to our loved ones, conscious of the great relief that has been vouchsafed us."

INGERSOLL LEFT \$25,000

Soldier son of financier Made Bequest to Princeton University

Harry Ingersoll, son of Charles I. Ingersoll, a Philadelphia banker, who was killed in action in France on September 27, left property valued at \$25,000. His will was among others admitted to probate today.

"This is the place where I was born," the man was standing right where he is, Princess Peggy, when the German hit her.

"Voluntarily Peggy jumped aside. She didn't want a club coming out of the bushes and cracking her over the head. Then, a little ashamed of her own cowardice, she told Officer Casey what Blue Jay had said.

"And which way was the man looking?" asked the policeman.

"At the top of the hill across the valley," answered Blue Jay. Officer Casey looked hard and long at the hill.

"I don't see any signs of a wireless outfit here," he said. "Neither do I see any signs of a wireless outfit here," asked Blue Jay.

The out-of-doors part is just a lot of wires hung on a frame between two towers," answered Peggy.

"Wires?" mused Blue Jay. "Seems to me I saw some wires up to the top of the mountain. They don't seem to be there now."

Here was a new mystery. Peggy quickly told Officer Casey what Blue Jay had said.

"Maybe they've been acrossed out, and we're too late," said the policeman. "And maybe, too, what Helen's father said was only the German's arms and legs. Perhaps there isn't any wireless, but I'm going to see what's on the hill."

MRS. CHAS. M. SCHWAB KNITS 106TH SWEATER

Master Shipbuilder's Wife Busy Making Garments for Soldiers and Nurses

"Count that day wasted which has not seen a sweater finished for a nurse or a soldier man," appears to be the motto of Mrs. Charles M. Schwab, wife of the general of the Emergency Fleet Corporation.

At the Bellevue-Stratford today, after Mr. Schwab had hurried over to the Fleet Corporation headquarters, 140 North Broad street, Mrs. Schwab began putting the finishing touches to her 106th sweater. It was being knitted from white wool and is intended for some lucky Red Cross nurse.

Mrs. Schwab has turned over the entire lower floor of her New York residence, Seventy-third street and Riverside drive, for the knitting of sweaters. Ten of her maids are employed almost constantly in knitting cozy, finely-finished garments for soldiers, sailors or nurses.

Mrs. Schwab's personal maid, Marie Grimsen, already has sixty-eight sweaters to her credit.

The master shipbuilder's wife began producing sweaters about eighteen months ago. First she made blue sweaters for men of the navy, then sweaters of khaki for soldiers and now is turning out white garments for Red Cross nurses.

ENTERTAIN GRIP NURSES Art Alliance Plans Evening for Influenza Epidemic Fighters

The Art Alliance has arranged an entertainment for Monday evening, November 18, in honor of nurses who aided in fighting the influenza epidemic in November, 1917.

Mrs. Samuel Woodward, chairman of the committee arranging the affair, Miss Marion Smith, superintendent of the University of Pennsylvania Hospital, will tell of the heroic work of the nurses.

Participating in the program will be Miss Adeline Platt, soprano; Mrs. Clifton Maloney, contralto; Miss Evelyn A. Hennip, pianist; Miss Anna Plimner, reader; and Miss Louise Clifford, dancer.

Public Reception to Archbishop The public reception to Archbishop Dougherty at the Catholic Philanthropic Literary Institute, 1111 Arch street, which was originally scheduled for Thursday, October 17, but postponed on account of the epidemic of influenza, will be held on Tuesday evening, November 26.

The function, which is expected to surpass the reception given by the Philanthropic Institute to Cardinal Gibbons in November, 1915, will afford an opportunity to Philadelphia's citizens of all creeds and professions to greet the Archbishop.

To Lecture on Belgium Arthur Stanley Hays, who has been with the American, French and English armies at the front, has returned and will begin a course of lectures on "The Allies and the German Army," at the University Extension Society, this evening at Witherspoon Hall, Mr. Hays's first lecture will be on "Heroic Belgium," finely illustrated by his own pictures.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES By DADDY A complete new adventure each week, beginning with the exciting ending Saturday.

CHAPTER V Peggy Uses a Pistol

"CRACK!" sounded the rock as it bounced on the German's head.

"Good!" grunted the German, as he suddenly sprang back, his hands raised in the air. He had been knocked senseless.

Officer Casey promptly rolled on top of him and pinned him to the ground. After grasping the German he dragged him to a small tree and sat him down facing it, with a leg on either side of the trunk. He clasped the German's arms and hands together, fastening them together with handcuffs. By this time the German had begun to recover his senses and was looking wildly around.

"You'll be perfectly hearty, until we've found what all this mystery is about. Then if you've been up to evil tricks we'll cut you to jail." Saying this, Officer Casey hurried away with Peggy toward the place where the father of Helen and Toddy had been standing when the German struck him down.

"From there we ought to be able to see the wireless outfit—that is, if there is a wireless outfit," said Officer Casey.

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"And I'm going with you," said Peggy.

"First we'd better find out if there are other guards about," said Officer Casey. "If there are German spies with a wireless station, you can be sure they'll have the place well guarded. I wish Blue Jay would take a look around."

"I'll do better than that," promised Blue Jay. "There are other Jays up here. They'll know all about these folks. I'll find out from them."

ENGAGED TO ARMY OFFICER

MISS ELSIE DARBY Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Darby, of 151 Carpenter street, whose engagement to Major Carleton D. Jacobs, U. S. A., has been announced.



THE MAN WITH THE CLUB FOOT

By VALENTINE WILLIAMS

"I shouldn't be here," I said. "You can tell your friends I've gone."

"She turned on me like a flash. She was hard as flint again. 'Nah!' she cried. 'You stay here!'"

"Orders are orders and you and I must obey!" she spoke again. "But who is Stelze that he should give orders to me?" I cried.

"Who is he?" she spoke again. "I don't know," I said. "I don't know who he is, but he's a German."

"When an order has been given, what you do or think or say is of no account," she said. "It is an order, and you must obey it. You stay here!"

"With that she was gone. She closed the door behind her; the key rattled in the lock and I realized that I was a prisoner. I heard the woman's footsteps die away down the corridor.

"I stood petrified and reflected on my next move. Twelve o'clock! I had eight hours' grace before Stelze, the man of mystery and might, arrived to unmake me and hand me over to the tender mercies of Madame and I must—so I must—take up my position—be clear of the hotel and in the train for the German frontier."

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blow out the candle. Then, taking a short hold on my silk rope, I clambered out over the window ledge and started to let myself down.

My two bell-ropes, knotted together, were about twenty-five feet long, so I had to reach for a clear drop of something over thirty feet. The poker and shutter held splendidly firm, and I found little difficulty in lowering myself, though I barked my knuckles, more unpleasantly on the rough stucco of the wall. As I reached the extremity of my rope I glanced downward. The red splash of the eiderdown, just visible in the light from the window, seemed to be a horrible distance below me. My spirit failed me. My determination began to ebb. I could never risk it.

The rope settled the question for me. It snapped without a sound, and I was supported my weight up to then I don't know—and I fell in a heap (and, as it seemed to me at the time, with a most reverberating crash) to the soft divan I had prepared for my reception.

I came down hard, very hard, but old Madame's plump eiderdown and pillows certainly helped to break my fall. I dropped square on top of the eiderdown with my knee on a pillow and, though shaken and jarred, I found I had broken no bones. I was so glad to be alive that I didn't realize I was still silent. I cast a glance upward at the window from which I had descended and saw the broken bell-ropes and the window ledge hanging from the ceiling with a glow of professional pride, that my expert job between the two ropes had not given the lower rope had parted in the middle.

The iron stair ran down beside the window in which I had seen the light burning. The lower part of the window was screened off by a dirty muslin curtain. Through the upper part I caught a glimpse of the window sash with a paraffin lamp standing on a wooden table. The room was empty. From top to bottom the window was protected by heavy iron bars.

At the foot of the iron stair stood, as I had anticipated, a door. It was my last chance. I stood a dozen yards from the bottom of the landing, and noticed with a little paved area where thin of refuse were standing—a small door with a brass handle. I crossed the landing and opened the door as no one to be seen from the window should any one enter the hallway as I passed. Trailing very softly I crept across the little area as quietly as I could, turned the handle of the door.

It turned round easily in my hand, but nothing happened. The door was locked.

(TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW)

COL. WERT IN ARMY AGAIN

Former Member of Commission to Russia Now in Orleans

Colonel W. W. Werts, who was a lieutenant colonel attached to the railway commission which went to Russia, to back in the army service again. Announcement of his appointment as a lieutenant colonel in the ordnance department was made today.

Colonel Werts went to Russia a year ago and returned home with the commission in the ordnance department. He was in the May. There being nothing further to do with the commission, he resigned. Then he made application for a commission in the ordnance department.

Colonel Werts is a mechanical engineer and is a superintendent for the Baldwin Locomotive Works, at the Edgewater plant. Other Philadelphia names on the list of commissions announced by the War Department follow:

Ordnance—First lieutenant, John Apple, Philadelphia; L. A. Hackett, 911 Alhambra street, Second lieutenant, W. L. Simmons, 2806 Columbia avenue.

Chemical warfare service—Second lieutenant, T. E. Knapp, 1017 North Thirty-third street.

Air service (aeronautics)—Second lieutenant, E. S. Eldredge, Camden, N. J.; B. A. Herms, 2334 North Twenty-first street, and W. J. Keenan, 2262 North Cleveland avenue.

Ellis Gimbel entertains 800 Members of Naval Auxiliary

Ellis Gimbel entertained 800 guests last night at a meeting of the Adams Gimbel Naval Auxiliary of the Red Cross at the Gimbel Hotel.

The purpose of the gathering was to open the winter's work of the auxiliary with the reception of a handsome banner presented by the head of the firm.

The Red Cross Navy League banner was presented to Mrs. Stotesbury as the founder of the Adams Gimbel Naval Auxiliary. The flag was accepted by Mr. Stotesbury for the cadets and Girl Scouts.

Lieutenant Rees spoke of the reclamation of the men in service, so many of whom were inspired with the thought of making good in the auxiliary, was given by Edward J. Castell, city statistician.

Stanley REX BEACH'S "LIONEL BARRYMORE" PALACE DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

ARCADE "CONSTANCE TALMADGE" VICTORIA "PRIVATE PEAT" REGENT

GLOBE "COME ON IN" CROSS KEYS "The Bachelor's Romance" BROADWAY "MR. INQUISITIVE" FRED STONE

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE GEORGE WHITE "Somewhere With Pershing" PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

UNIVERSITY MUSEUM CASINO

GAYETY THEATRE

PENN MEMORIAL TONIGHT

Friends and Other Denominations Will Observe Anniversary

The bicentenary of the death of William Penn will be observed tonight at the Friends' Meeting House, Fourth and Arch streets.

Today is the anniversary of William Penn's first coming to Pennsylvania, so the commemoration is being held tonight in response to a proclamation by Governor Brumbaugh, who is expected to attend.

Representatives of all the religious denominations which Penn welcomed to his province will be present, and all have been asked to make short speeches.

Order of Forty Hours' Devotion The order of the Forty Hours' Devotion in the archdiocese names the following places in which it will be held during the coming week: The Cathedral of St. Peter and Paul, Nativity B. V. M., Annunciation B. V. M., St. Joseph's, St. Bonaventure's, St. Edmund's, Church of the Holy Child and Church of the Incarnation, this city; Our Lady of Mount Carmel, Doylestown; St. Katharine's, Wayne; Convent of the Sisters of the Most Blessed Sacrament, Cornwall; and Convent of the Holy Child, Sharon Hill.

PHILADELPHIA'S LEADING THEATRES SAM S. SHUBERT MATINEE TOMORROW

MATINEE TOMORROW BEST SEATS \$1.50

MAYTIME

ADELPHI MATINEE TOMORROW

EYES OF YOUTH WITH ALMA TELL

CHESTNUT OPERA HOUSE LAST 2 NIGHTS

LEAVE IT TO JAMES LAST MATINEE TOMORROW

Next Week—Seats Today

PASSING SHOW

LYRIC—LAST 2 NIGHTS LAST MAT. TOMORROW

GUY BATES POST

THE MASQUERADER

NEXT WEEK—Seats Now

LIONEL BARRYMORE in THE COPPERHEAD

FORREST—LAST 2 NIGHTS LAST POP. MAT. TOMORROW

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES

RAYMOND KITCHCOCK

BROAD—LAST 2 NIGHT